SUPPLEMENT TO VOL. II.

OF THE

THEATRICAL RECORDER:

BY

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

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MARRIAGE PROJECTS:

A COMEDY,

IN ONE ACT,

TRANSLATED FROM

THE FRENCH OF M. DU VAL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. CASINI, Uncle to ROSALINE.

COLONEL GERMENCEY.

LIEUTENANT BELMONT.

PEDRO.

ROSALINE, a young Widow.

The SCENE lies in a Villa near FLORENCE.

MARRIAGE PROJECTS:

A COMEDY.

SCENE I.

A Hall in a Country-house, with Garden-scene behind.

ROSALINE, CASINI.

Casini.

YES, yes, niece; the lieutenant will be here this very morning.

Ros. You are, no doubt, again planning a marriage! But I know my uncle. With every good quality, and with virtues that make him respectable, he combines a spice of folly, the consequences of which I have the most reason to regret.

Cas. Folly! What folly have I?

Ros. That of desiring to see every body married abroad or at home. You cannot see a bachelor without immediately beginning to contrive how I may get a good husband. Fortunately, however, your opinions vary so often, that I am not greatly importuned. When you design to marry me to one person, no sooner does another appear than you change your mind. The last comer is always preferred.

Cas. Do you blame me for wishing to make you happy?

Ros. I am happy already, then why should I change? When I married my late husband, I yielded to your wishes more from obedience than from love: then, since death has again set me free, suffer me to enjoy that freedom, at least till my heart is enslaved.

Cas. Ay, ay. Your head still runs on that young officer whom you met at a festival in Florence.

Ros. That I don't deny. It is two years ago, yet his person, his behaviour, and his courage, when he saw me insulted, are still present to my mind.

Cas. Phantoms! Phantoms! Would you have me believe you have a partiality for a man of three hours acquaintance, and of whose personal gifts, nay of whose name, you know nothing?

Ros. Our fate often depends upon a moment, and on situations and circumstances that are inexplicable. I was inevitably interested by this stranger. At the festival, of which you so maliciously remind me, I found myself in a crowd, my friends lost, and exposed to hear all the rude gallantries of a swarm of fops, without knowing how to answer or act. My embarrassment did but increase their impertinence, when a youth appeared, awed them into good manners, delivered me from their insulting addresses, and offered himself as my protector. I trembled and thanked him; his look was mild, his manners respectful: in him I beheld my deliverer, guardian, and friend; and, though it was some hours before the company that I was with could be found, I was almost sorry that they were found so soon.

Cas. Right woman. Nothing but romance can please.

SCENE II.—*Enter* PEDRO.

Ped. Breakfast is ready, Sir, as you desired, at the pavilion in the park. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Ros. Why are we to breakfast at such a distance?

Cas. The pavilion, you know, is on the road-side that leads to Florence, and we can see the passengers.

Ros. What then?

Cas. Young Belmont is expected here this morning, as his letter tells me, and we can see him as he passes, and invite him to breakfast.

Ros. How can you know him? You say you have never seen him since he was a boy?

Cas. His uniform will distinguish him from other travellers. I shall rejoice to embrace the son of my old friend. Oh, had his father sooner informed me that he was quartered at Florence, I should long since have invited him here.

Ros. Our house, I find, is to be filled with company; for you know these officers have little ceremony. He will bring with him some friends, they will bring others, and, from the cornet to the colonel, we shall insensibly entertain the whole regiment.

Cas. I have no fear of that. In my letter I requested him to bring nobody with him, and especially not to mention you to his colonel.

Ros. Why such a prohibition?

Cas. The colonel is a dangerous man among women.

Ros. You raise my curiosity. Where did you learn that?

Cas. From Pedro, who was long in his service.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* PEDRO.

Cas. Here he comes: question him.—Come hither, Pedro.

Ped. Your pleasure, Sir?

Ros. You were servant to a certain colonel, whose reputation——?

Ped. Is very great. No less gallant than brave, he loves as much to conquer women as to conquer enemies. In stratagems of love or war he is equally skilful. Should he see you, Madam, he would certainly employ his whole skill to make himself agreeable.

Ros. I should have no fear.

Cas. Do not be too valiant.

Ros. At least there might be some merit in the conquest: but daily to repel the tedious languor of timid lovers, and to hear nothing but sighs and formal declarations, is wearisome. With a lover of spirit, contention is glorious, wit combats wit, and victory brings honor.

Cas. The true style of a coquet. Let us be gone to the pavilion.

Ros. Yes, to wait the arrival of this new lover. If I am not deceived, he will fare like the rest: he will come, look, love, and talk, till he tires. According to your laudable custom, you will propose him as a husband: I shall refuse, you will be vexed; I shall give you a kiss; and our confused embarrassed inamorato, following the example of his predecessors, will soon free us from himself and his respectful love.

Cas. Come, come, be that as it will; we shall soon see.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Enter* PEDRO.

Ped. In vain may my master make marriage projects, invite lovers, and give his promise; unles his niece consents, 'tis all lost labor —I hear the tread of a horse in the court—An officer, forsooth—is this the expected guest?—Hey day! If I am not mistaken——Yes, it must be——It is Colonel Germencey.

SCENE VI.

Ger. (*speaking without*) Tell Signor Casini that Lieutenant Belmont requests the honor to pay him his respects!

Ped. Indeed! What can that mean? My old master, Colonel Germancey, that formidable gallant, coming here under the name of Belmont! There is some mystery at the bottom! So much the better for thee, Pedro! Ha ha, Colonel! Some new intrigue! I must be of your cabinet council: you know my zeal and abilities. Convey a letter, deceive a tutor, trick a rival, speak, be silent, tell lies, all are within my sphere, provided I am well paid.

Enter GERMENCEY, *preceded by a Servant, who retires.*

Ger. I am to wait for him here. Good. No one knows me.

Ped. Who could have supposed that Colonel Germencey—

Ger. How!—What, sirrah! are you here?

Ped. You have not forgotten me, Sir. But on what occasion can Colonel——

Ger. Speak low, or rather be silent. I am not Colonel Germencey here; I am Lieutenant Belmont.

Ped. May I, Sir, inquire, without being too inquisitive, why Lieutenant Belmont is in this house?

Ger. Necessity obliges me to tell thee my secret.

Ped. Oh, Sir, you know I am the most discreet person——

Ger. And the greatest knave.

Ped. Discretion will not make a man a fool: but once more, Sir, why are you here?

Ger. A frolic, and the desire to avenge myself of Signor Casini, bring me. I suppose thou knowest that Belmont is expected, having been invited by letter to come and pass a few days in the country? But perhaps thou art ignorant that Signor Casini in this letter thought proper to speak of my gallantries, desiring I might never visit here, fearing I might injure his niece, and adding I know not how many other similar accusations. By accident I have heard the contents of this letter; and finding myself piqued, knowing that Belmont was to be here to-day, and that Casini is unacquainted with his person, feigning ignorance of all this, I have commanded Belmont on a pretended military duty, who, though he grumbled, was obliged to comply, have assumed the lieutenant's uniform with his name, mounted my horse, ridden hither, and am determined to fall in love with the niece, trick the sentimental Belmont, and laugh at this careful uncle, who has thought proper to amuse himself at my expence.

Ped. In combinations so vast, I discover my old master. Courage, Sir, courage. You will give me employment just when I was almost dead of idleness and the spleen.

Ger. What sort of a man is your master?

Ped. Oh, as kind, simple, and unsuspecting as you could wish. His occupation is that of match-making. Why we have not one old bachelor in the village. Oh, he is a useful member of society.

Ger. And his niece?

Ped. Charming! Beautiful! Mild, amiable, and good. She does what she pleases here. I know he will propose her to you for a wife; and I am equally certain that she will refuse, but with the best grace possible. And now, having given you your instructions, pray favor me with mine, that I may know how to act? What must I do?

Ger. Nothing. Only be silent.

Ped. That is not difficult, I grant; but should I be questioned I must fib a little you know; and since I left your service, I can

assure you, Colonel, I am wonderfully reformed. I sometimes suspect myself for a downright honest man.

Ger. That's impossible.

Ped. Nay, I know your seducing ways: seeing you I see temptation, and begin to have strong alarms.

Ger. I understand you.

Ped. You have not forgot how I once aided you in just such another case; nor shall I forget, as long as I live, your generosity to me, and how you one day said, in the most affable manner, tossing your purse at me, "There, rascal, there are thirty pistoles for you."

Ger. Oh, no, no; I might call you rascal, but I could never give you thirty pistoles.

Ped. 'Tis the truth, by my honor.

Ger. Well well, since your memory is so very precise, I——I promise you the same sum now.

Ped. Yes, but my memory also informs me how often you used to forget your promises.

Ger. Hush! They are coming.

Ped. It is my master. (*aside*) You shall not come off thus. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Enter* CASINI.

Cas. I am sorry, Sir, you should wait, but I and my niece were at breakfast in the pavilion, expecting to see you pass.

Ger. You were very kind.

Cas. And now, my dear Belmont, I am glad to see you; you are the son of an old friend.

Ger. And I am eager to pay my respects to your charming niece.

Cas. She is at her toilet, but will soon be here. Ah, when I recollect you as a boy, how you used to jump on my knee!

Ger. Your memory is better than mine.

Cas. And how does my good old friend, your father.

Ger. Why—my father is in tolerable health.

Cas. How like him you are!

Ger. Indeed!

Cas. Oh, feature for feature.

Ger. I have been told so before.

Cas. I will now give you a proof of my friendship.——No thanks.——Perhaps you imagine I only wished the pleasure of your company a few days; but I have other views, which my esteem for your father induces me to communicate. My charming niece is a widow, you are unmarried; she is amiable, you have understanding: when you see her you cannot but fall in love with her, and I am willing she shall be your wife.

Ger. (*aside*) My wife! Humph! (*aloud*) When I remember my rank in the army——

Cas. Ay, ay, you are but a lieutenant: fear nothing, you will rise in rank; and, as to riches, I will be your friend.

Ger. Really, Sir——

Cas. Yes, my young friend! My niece and half my fortune shall be yours: nay, this house and park; tell me how you like them?

Ger. I will not consent that you should deprive yourself.

Cas. It will be no privation: I will live with you and your family, and be another father to your children.

Ger. (*aside*) Worthy heart! I half repent.

Cas. One thing I could wish. When you are master here——

Ger. I am not yet.

Cas. But soon will be. Should you wish to make alterations, I hope you will not cut down my walnut-trees yonder.

Ger. Of that be assured, Sir.

Cas. I planted them myself when a boy. Beside, at present, men often fell trees, but seldom plant them.

Ger. Very true.

Cas. Well, now suppose this matter settled: you will pay your court to my niece, who will make difficulties which you will surmount. No sooner shall she consent than I will send for the notary, sign the marriage contract, stipulate for her portion, put you in possession here, you having promised to spare my walnut-trees, send for wedding dresses, have them made, invite my friends, order the festival, plenty to eat and drink, bonfires, rejoicings, bells ringing, concerts, country dances; oh, I'm in the very midst of it all. Suffer me to embrace you, my dear nephew.

Ger. With all my heart, my dear uncle.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* ROSALINE.

Ros. So so! My dear uncle! I am married already.

Cas. Ah, my dear niece, you are just come in time.

Ger. (*bowing*) Deign, Madam, to accept my homage.

Ros. (*curtseys*) Sir, you do me honor.

Cas. (*to* Rosaline) A handsome young fellow, hey, niece?

Ros. Nothing that I see extraordinary.

Ger. (*aside*) A charming widow!

Cas. (*to the* Colonel) Well! Is not she beautiful? Her own mistress; it rests with yourself.

Ros. (*aside*) So so! Every thing arranged!

Cas. Excuse me, dear Belmont, I am obliged to leave you: in the country you know we forget all ceremony.

Ros. (*aside*) Cunningly imagined!

Cas. Think yourself at home. You'll not quit us soon, I hope.

Ros. Perhaps, Sir, your leave of absence is not long?

Ger. Pardon me, Madam, I and the Colonel are the best of friends, and at this moment he is inclined to act just as I desire.

Cas. Indeed! The Colonel your friend! I did not know that. I made a little free with him; however, I have said nothing but what I have been told: but if he knew what I have written he might play me some trick.

Ger. (*laughing*) Nothing more probable.

Ros. Be sure you have been misinformed; the Colonel may be gallant, but I do not believe half that is said of him: do you, Sir?

Ger. I have no right to judge: he may be flighty and inconstant, but not unworthy of your esteem, Madam.

Cas. He is not to my taste; however, I have not the happiness of his acquaintance. I must be gone, and——

Ros. Leave me thus?

Cas. In good company——Look handsome, say soft things, win her and wear her.

Ger. I will do my best.

Cas. (*to* Rosaline) Remember the son of my old friend deserves respect. (*going*) All is right! It will do! I read it in their eyes! [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Ger. How kind is your uncle!

Ros. Who, I suppose, has given you certain hopes.

Ger. Which are fruitless, should you think them so.

Ros. As I supposed! I love and esteem my uncle, but I cannot endure the ridiculous wish he has for ever to marry me to the first comer?

Ger. The first comer.

Ros. Even so! I am certain that the bargain is made already. Has not he encouraged you? Has not he, without any consent of mine, arranged the wedding: nay, has he not promised you to dance at it himself? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Ger. Nay——

Ros. And you have taken it all for granted? Come, confess. (*seriously*) But he should at the same time have told you of the ill success of all his schemes; that he may promise my heart, but that it can only be given by myself. That, though so often promised and demanded, it is still my own, and, to speak freely, there are little hopes that you should make it yours.

Ger. Your cruelty surprises me. So young, so beautiful!

Ros. Ay, ay; I know all that! My cruelty, my youth, my beauty, my charms, the pleasures of marriage, the union

of souls, sweet bonds that are but flowery garlands since my widowhood, I have heard nothing else: but experience has taught me that the wife who loves obeys, and that esteem, friendship, and all those fine words, cannot supply the want of love. Young women marry as their friends desire, without knowing the dangers of marriage; change of situation, and a desire to be free, tempt them, but time soon teaches different lessons: novelty flies, dulness remains, disgust follows, the chain grows daily more heavy, and happy the wife who can find a tranquil monotony, habitual indifference, and a merely supportable existence, amid never ending vexations, after an imprudent marriage.

Ger. I admire and partly think with you, Madam, but——

Ros. Oh, you are going to despair: I know all that. 'Tis unlucky for you that my uncle has interfered: I am so weary of that interference, that one of his favorites can never be mine. It is odd enough, but such is the caprice of fate, or rather perhaps of woman, the Colonel, who is forbidden the house, is the only man whom I wish to know.

Ger. Is it possible?

Ros. At least thus far he has not displeased me, for I have never seen him.

Ger. Did he but know his happiness, or were I in his place, what miracles would I not perform! I warrant, should he come secretly in disguise to see you, it would be forgiven him.

Ros. Oh, very readily; there is something charming in disguises: the spirit of romance is one of my defects. How pleasant it would be for him to meet a rival here! Imagine the embarrassment of the two lovers! Fear of discovery, hide and seek, evasion, speaking by signs, secret interviews; a word only, but that word so expressive! Then the rival laughed at; love, finesse, artifice, fear and malice affording a comic poignancy, robbing household Love of its languor, and communicating a most delightful variety.

Ger. Oh that I were this hero!

Ros. You forget yourself.

Ger. No, on my knees, I thus confess——

SCENE X.—CASINI, *peeping*.

Cas. Right: he is on his knees.

Ger. Perhaps you will be angry when——

Ros. Oh, pray, Sir, no kneeling.

Cas. Oh, no! (*coming forward*) What say you now to my marriage projects?

Ros. Ask the gentleman.

Ger. I am not dissatisfied.

Ros. (*ironically*) Then you are easily pleased, and I can as easily promise always to be as kind.

Cas. Ay, ay, I knew I was right.

SCENE XI.—*Enter* PEDRO.

Ped. An officer, Sir, desires to see you.
Ros. Another!
Cas. You have invited one of your friends, perhaps?
Ger. Oh no, I took no such liberty.
Ped. His name is Belmont, a lieutenant.
Ger. (*aside*) Oh, the devil!
Cas. How! Belmont?
Ros. Two of the same name! You seem embarrassed!
Ger. (*aside*) No wonder! (*aloud*) This is singular!
Cas. I must go and inquire.
Ped. Shall I——
Cas. Stay where you are. (*to a servant without*) Tell that officer I cannot see him at present! I have a thought—— Perhaps the Colonel knows you are here.
Ger. Not unlikely.
Cas. He is young, enterprising—
Ger. Oh, capable of any thing for a pretty woman.
Ped. And to deceive an uncle who has written letters.
Ros. That would be pleasant.
Cas. I forgot: you were his valet.
Ped. (*feigning embarrassment*) I——'Tis so long ago——my memory——my honesty——
Cas. Ah, knave! Thou art bribed to be silent.
Ger. (*to* Pedro) Give me thy help.
Ped. I have not touched a penny, Sir. (*looking at the* Colonel) A promise indeed——
Cas. Ay, indeed! Speak the truth, or quit my service.
Ped. I will, Sir, I will. I knew the Colonel the moment he arrived.
Cas. Well, and so——?
Ped. He alighted, sent in his name——
Cas. Well?
Ped. And knew me. (*the* Colonel *acts as* Pedro *describes*) His embarrassment is visible, he fears discovery, makes signs.
Cas. Ay, ay, signs.
Ped. Which I won't understand——He is vexed.
Ros. Ah! Being watched.
Ped. You are right, Madam; by two persons.
Ger. (*to* Pedro) The thirty pistoles.
Ped. He whispers to me——quite softly.
Cas. (*laughing*) I hear him!
Ped. No, you do not. I say he whispers, thirty pistoles.
Cas. Thirty pistoles!
Ros. He is generous, at least.
Ped. Nay, but I have not touched one of them yet. Words are but wind: I turn a deaf ear; he perceives it, puts his hand to his pocket——No, not yet; he rubs his chin to consider.

Ger. (*aside*) Cunning rascal!

Ros. Why make your story so long?

Ped. Oh, it is not yet ended——I give him to understand that his fate depends upon me: he feels the force of that remark, and at last draws his purse.

Ros. And gives it thee?

Ped. Not immediately, for fear of being seen: he watches his opportunity, pulls me by the sleeve; I understand him, put my hand behind me, take the purse, and show my empty hand thus to the by-standers.

Cas. Well, the rest?

Ped. I have exactly related, Sir, what passed, and hope my frankness will not go unrewarded.

Cas. This colonel is a bold fellow.

Ros. I laugh at the thought.

Cas. Leave me. I must consider how to act.

Ger. There is but one way. Being my colonel, I must obey him, and for his sake—for my own, he ought not to be admitted.

Cas. He shall not.

Ros. I am of a contrary opinion. Receive him kindly, pretend not to know him, and leave the rest to me.

Cas. Egad, it shall be so.

Ger. Consider the danger.

Ros. To you, Sir. Do as I desire. At present, I will leave you; but I must tell you I have the more pleasure in seeing him, because every body is embarrassed.

SCENE XII.

Ger. Our projects are all ruined; your niece is partial to him.

Cas. Do you think so?

Ger. Find an excuse, Pedro, to send him away.

Ped. Oh, never fear!

Cas. He has given you money?

Ped. Which I shall keep, he gave it so willingly.

Cas. It is aukward. Extremely aukward! Good manners: his rank of colonel; the respect in which I hold military men! —I wish, Sir, you would see him, and give him to understand——

Ped. By no means! He must keep out of his sight.—— Go, Sir, and take a walk in the park.

Cas. 'Tis the most prudent. Please to go! Pedro and I will arrange matters.

Ger. (*to* Pedro) Take care to deserve the thirty pistoles.

Ped. I deserved them when I got them. [*Exit* Colonel.

SCENE XIII.

Cas. Go to this gentleman, tell him——

Ped. To mount his horse and be gone!

Cas. No, I'll speak to him myself.

Ped. (*aside*) That won't do——No, Sir, you must have nothing to say to him: I know him well, a terrible——You too are passionate. You do not love to be tricked, and you are right: you will speak firmly: his reply will be proud, your answer the same: you will both grow warm: all his power, his address, his cunning, will be brought into play, and at last, do what you will, he will pick a quarrel with his rival, run him through the body, and carry off your niece.

Cas. Carry her off!——Being a colonel, should he ask her hand——

Ped. Oh, these fashionable men never want wives: no, no, he'll carry her off.

Cas. But how can you manage him better than I?

Ped. Leave that to me. With all his defects, he is good at the bottom; beside, he respects my probity. I will talk to him like a father, make him blush for his faults, pathetically reproach him with the consequences of his tricks, demand, with tears in my eyes, how he can conscientiously trouble the peace of a respectable family and of a worthy gentleman, whose only care is that of seeing his neice properly married. My ardor and eloquence shall be redoubled. I know him; he can no longer resist; I see him melt, mount his horse, having first given me a warm embrace, and off he goes full gallop. Out of breath, I bring you the good news; you receive it with rapture, shed tears of delight, wipe your eyes, draw your purse, present it to me, I gratefully receive it, return my humble thanks, and all ends as we could wish.

Cas. I declare, you have drawn tears from my eyes! You are an honest fellow; your zeal shall be rewarded.

Ped. Think not that vile interest——

SCENE XIV.—Belmont, *without*.

Bel. I am weary of waiting. I must speak to him.

Ped. He is here. Be gone! Quick! We will be rid of him in less than ten minutes.

Cas. Be sure do your best. [*Exit.*

SCENE XV.

Ped. Fear nothing.—Bravo, Pedro! The Colonel pays thee for aiding his projects, thy master will pay thee for deceiving him, and this Lieutenant must pay for being sent about his business.

SCENE XVI.—*Enter* Belmnnt.

Bel. This is a strange way of receiving an invited guest. You belong to the house, friend?

Ped. Yes, Sir.

Bel. Then why does Signor Casini refuse to see me?

Ped. I suppose that is his humor.

Bel. How! After inviting me to come here, and, when I accept his invitation, to treat me thus! There is mystery at the bottom.

Ped. Of that be sure.

Bel. Can you tell it me?

Ped. Oh, I am forbidden! Under pain of being turned away! I am a poor fellow, fortuneless, and the loss of my place and my probity would be my ruin. You will easily imagine the greatness of such a loss.

Bel. Suppose I were to recompense you for the loss of your place?

Ped. But my probity, Sir, my probity.

Bel. (*offering a purse*) Will this make the dumb speak?

Ped. (*taking it*) This, I grant, will work miracles.

Bel. Then tell me the cause of this sudden change?

Ped. Strange accidents have happened. Every body here is persuaded you are not Lieutenant Belmont.

Bel. Who am I then?

Ped. One Colonel Germencey, an avowed libertine.

Bel. Who can have spread this ridiculous report?

Ped. A certain valet, that once served the Colonel; and Signor Cassini, who has some fear of him——

Bel. Which his letter to me testified.

Ped. Refuses him admittance.

Bel. This is a trick, and the valet is a knave.

Ped. That I cannot deny.

Bel. He has been bribed.

Ped. By some rival.

Bel. How can that be? I am neither acquainted with the uncle nor the niece: though I hear she is handsome.

Ped. Her uncle, people say, would marry her to any body.

Bel. Yes, I am told he has a mania for marriage.

Ped. And has fixed his eyes on you; but some other lover——

Bel. Has introduced himself.

Ped. In disguise.

Bel. And has bribed the valet, who has impudently asserted——

Ped. You are the Colonel.

Bel. And the uncle being angry——

Ped. Has desired me to tell you——

Bel. To leave the house?

Ped. Yes, you find the necessity of——

Bel. Staying where I am.

Ped. But the uncle in a passion?

Bel. I will see him.

Ped. Which he cannot contain?

Bel. And appease him.
Ped. He will demand proofs.
Bel. I will show him my papers.
Ped. Which he will not credit.
Bel. I shall undeceive him: all will be discovered, the lover dismissed, the valet punished, and I shall remain with a hearty welcome.
Ped. (*aside*) This is more than I bargained for.

SCENE XVII.—*Enter* CASINI.

Cas. (*aside*) Not gone yet?
Ped. (*to* Casini) Ah, Sir, my pathos is spent in vain: he insists upon it that he is young Belmont.
Bel. (*aside*) This my host, no doubt.
Cas. (*to* Pedro) Can he think me such a dupe?
Ped. Oh, yes! He calls you a good kind of man, talks of showing his papers, and—— You guess the rest.
Cas. Papers! Does he take me for a fool?
Bel. (*aside*) Of what are they talking?
Ped. Try your hand with him, for my part I give it up. (*aside*) If the Colonel loses the game, it is no fault of mine; I have made my market. [*Exit.*

SCENE XVIII.

Bel. May I believe, Sir, what this valet tells me?
Cas. Yes, Sir, you are discovered.
Bel. Or you deceived.
Cas. We know your tricks, good Colonel.
Bel. I am no colonel.
Cas. So you say. What, because I took the liberty to mention your gallantries, would you take this revenge?
Bel. I come an invited guest, the son of your old friend.
Cas. Of one that I never saw.
Bel. How! not Belmont?
Cas. Him I greatly esteem; and, though it is long since I saw him, I remember his features sufficiently to be certain you are not his son.
Bel. If so, pray who is my father?
Cas. I have not the honor of his acquaintance.
Bel. You are abused. I declare to you——
Cas. Pray make no declarations.
Bel. I can give you authentic proofs. I have papers——
Cas. Give yourself no trouble; I will not examine them.
Bel. Pray tell me who says I am the Colonel?
Cas. Every body.
Bel. Let the impostor appear, and we shall see.
Cas. By no means: no tragedy scenes for me.
Bel. I don't understand you, Sir.
Cas. You are good at intrigue, but not just now.

Bel. (*vexed*) Your incredulity is carried too far.

Cas. Your pertinacity, you mean, Sir.

Bel. It does not become me to submit to this.

Cas. Nor me, Sir.

Bel. I quit you, Sir, with regret. (*going.*)

Cas. Ay, ay, carry it off with a good grace. Hold a moment: I am a good-natured fellow, indulgent to youth, especially military men. I may have been wrong in my letter to laugh at your expence; renounce therefore the feigned name of Belmont, appear in your proper character, and I shall be happy to receive you as my guest.

Bel. I should blush, Sir, to assume a false name; you will soon, I hope, be undeceived. Good morrow, Sir. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIX.

Cas. So firm! He would not confess the trick. I like him: his features are of that kind that please at first sight. Should he really be in love with my niece, and willing to marry?—The rank of colonel—the match would please me.

SCENE XX.—*Enter* PEDRO.

Ped. He is going. How did you manage the matter, Sir?

Cas. I refused to see his papers, but told him he might stay if he would appear in his own person, and he refused! Such is obstinacy!

Ped. He would have looked so foolish! He did right—(*aside*) at least for me.

Cas. Why had he recourse to artifice?

Ped. It was lucky I informed you.

Cas. Ay, ay, I am in thy debt.

Ped. Oh, his whole fortune should not have tempted me to deceive you.

Cas. You are a good fellow!

Ped. He thought me still the same; but since I have been in your service—— Ah, Sir, my reformation is due to you.

Cas. I am glad of it.

Ped. Honesty, Sir, honesty is the best policy.

Cas. True! Remember that! And thou shalt never want. (*going, returns*) Pedro, I will find thee a wife one of these days.

Ped. My obligations will be too great.

Cas. Belmont is in the park. Run and tell him the Colonel is gone, and that he may appear. [*Exit* Pedro.

SCENE XXI.—*Enter* ROSALINE, *running.*

Ros. Dear uncle, would you think it!

Cas. Heyday! What now?

Ros. The officer of Florence——

Cas. Your favourite! What of him?

Ros. He is here, uncle; he is here!

Cas. Here!

Ros. 'Tis to Colonel Germencey that I am so much indebted.

Cas. What, the bold fellow who is just gone?

Ros. Do not believe it, uncle! From curiosity, I crossed the court, just to peep at this formidable gallant, appeared to be passing, caught his eye, knew him, he instantly knew me, gave an exclamation, and there we both stood mute, astonished, confused, and perhaps delighted! Here he comes.

SCENE XXII.—*Enter* BELMONT.

Bel. (*aside*) 'Tis she! I cannot go!—(*aloud*) Sir—

Cas. Oh ho, Sir; I thought you gone!

Bel. I have changed my mind.

Cas. But you remember the conditions.

Bel. Since you are determined I shall be Colonel Germencey, I am willing you should so think me.

Cas. To be sure! Having an honorable name of your own, zounds, Sir, why would you take another?

Bel. I never yet did.

Cas. Come, come, dear Colonel, to show you that I have forgotten your trick, I introduce you to my niece, whom you have seen before. I know the whole.

Bel. How happy, Madam, am I that chance——

Ros. The happiness, Sir, was mine, and deserves my thanks.

Cas. Cold gratitude at first! No matter, I have my project.

Ros. Take care of yourself, uncle.

Cas. You came just in time, Sir; a fortnight hence you might have found her married.

Ros. For Heaven's sake, uncle!——

Cas. I had promised you to Belmont, what harm?

Bel. To Belmont, Sir?

Cas. One of your regiment, who is here.

Bel. Here? Arrived before me?

Cas. Oh, yes! Some time.

Bel. Oh ho!

Ros. (*vexed*) Pray do not listen to my uncle: he is for ever amusing himself thus. I assure you, Sir, Belmont shall never be my husband. Without any great degree of pride, I may say I am young enough, and rich enough, to hope a better partner for life than a hair-brained youth, without understanding or estate.

Bel. (*aside*) A fine description! What can this mean?

Cas. Pshaw, niece, say no more of that: since you prefer another, I will take care——

Ros. Do, dear uncle, let me take care for myself.
Bel. (*timidly*) Your heart is engaged, Madam?
Ros. Why should you think so, Sir? Be silent, uncle, or I'll leave the place.

SCENE XXIII.—*Enter* PEDRO *and* GERMENCEY.

Ger. Art thou certain he is gone?
Ped. I saw him mount his horse.
Cas. Ah, here comes the youth.
Ger. (*seeing* Belmont) Belmont!
Ped. (*aside*) Oh, the devil!
Bel. (*aside*) The Colonel! I see the whole. It is now my turn.
Ped. (*aside*) This place will soon be too hot for me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE XXIV.

Cas. (*to the* Colonel) Be satisfied, young friend, he has owned himself to be the Colonel.
Ger. The devil he has! Oh ho!
Cas. (*to* Belmont) All will be well. Fear nothing.
Ger. (*to* Belmont) I am glad to see my dear Colonel.
Bel. (*severely*) And I, Sir, am astonished to see you.
Ger. (*laughing*) Nay, why so severe?
Bel. Why, Sir, are you in this place? Did not I command you on duty this morning, Sir?
Ger. (*aside*) The dog turns my own trick against myself.
Bel. Why is it not performed? Answer!
Cas. (*to the* Colonel) Nay, answer!.
Ros. He is your commanding officer.
Ger. Upon my soul, I must laugh! Ha, ha, ha!
Bel. This mirth is ill-timed.
Ros. (*to the* Colonel) You will anger him.
Ger. Your pardon, Colonel, but it is so odd! Ha, ha, ha!
Cas. Again.
Bel. Since you oblige me to use my authority, I lay you under arrest for a fortnight. You will have time to laugh.
Ger. Under arrest? Ha, ha, ha! A fortnight? Ha, ha, ha!
Bel. Be pleased, Sir, to disappear.
Ger. (*aside*) Disappear! Oh!——I take the liberty, Colonel——
Bel. And I take the liberty to bid you be gone.
Ger. But!——
Bel. But—— I am your colonel, or I am not; answer to that.
Ger. If I am Belmont, you are my colonel.
Cas. Military discipline, Sir, requires obedience.
Ros. (*curtseying*) A pleasant ride to you, Lieutenant.

Ger. (*aside*) A pleasant stratagem this of mine!
Cas. (*calls*) Saddle the gentleman's horse! Pedro! Pedro!
Ger. (*aside*) Shall I confess?
Bel. (*aside*) I have paid him in his own coin.

SCENE XXV.—*Enter* PEDRO.

Cas. Where have you been? Bid them get Mr. Belmont's horse.
Ped. The whole is then explained.
Cas. It wanted little explanation.
Ped. (*to the* Colonel) We are victorious. (*to* Belmont) When you wish to go, Sir——
Cas. Who are you speaking to?
Ped. Did not you say the Colonel would remain?
Cas. Is not this the Colonel, booby?
Ped. (*aside*) So, so! Fool that I was!
Ros. What next?
Bel. You will see.
Cas. The Colonel——
Ger. Is here. The joke is over. Belmont, I restore your name; hoping you, Signor Casini, will pardon my temerity, and that you, dear Madam, will be no less kind!
Cas. Have you come under a false name?
Ger. Instigated by your letter.
Ros. (*to* Belmont) And who, Sir, are you?
Bel. A hair-brained youth, Madam, without understanding or estate.
Ros. I spoke of a supposed Mr. Belmont, Sir.
Ger. You, Sir, will excuse me, when you remember what you wrote. But pray who could tell you, Sir, of my imaginary tricks?
Cas. Pedro, here.
Ger. How, rascal!
Ped. I own I spoke a little too much truth, but do not be angry, now every body is so happy.
Cas. And deceive me, too, scoundrel?
Ped. Lord, Sir, I did but relate what was passing.
Bel. Nay, he is the guardian of my purse too.
Ped. Which was but in return for the loss of my place. You all were generous to a poor devil, who now has the honor to thank you all.
Cas. Quit my service, Sir; I hate selfishness.
Ped. Selfishness! Fie, Sir. What care I for money, except as it enables me to do good.
Ros. Which way, good Sir?
Ped. My master loves marrying, and I mean to make a young orphan my wife.
Cas. Why do you, dog, do you?

Ped. On my honor, Sir; and to settle my proper person, and the portion you have all bequeathed upon her.

Cas. Nay, nay, if you are but all married, every thing will be right. Colonel, you shall be my guest. Belmont, you are the protector of my niece, and the son of my friend; and I can read in both your eyes that at least you approve my marriage projects. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

UNFORESEEN EVENTS:

A COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS,

FROM

THE FRENCH OF M. D'HELE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MONDOR, a rich Financier.

CLEANDER, in love with EMILIA.

MARQUIS DE VERSAC, betrothed to EMILIA.

THE COMMANDER.

LA FLEUR, Valet to the MARQUIS.

RENÉ, Valet to CLEANDER.

EMILIA, Daughter of MONDOR.

THE COUNTESS, Niece of the Commander.

LISETTA.

MARTON.

UNFORESEEN EVENTS:

A COMIC OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Park, and a distant Chateau.*

CLEANDER *and* RENE.

AIR.—CLEANDER.

'TO love in silence—cruel fate!
Oh give me words or give me death!
My sorrows let me but relate,
And bless her with my parting breath.

Foolish man! How know I but a word might win her; and shall I not dare pronounce that word? Ah, René, tell me how to act!

René. Tell you how to speak!

Clea. Should I speak in vain!

René. Then take your departure.

Clea. Refusal would bring me to the grave.

René. Bah! People do not die so easily.

Clea. Perhaps I flatter myself, but for some time Emilia has been absent in mind; melancholy appears in every look; I have even seen her shed tears. Oh, should they be for me!

René. Nothing more likely!

Clea. Happy thought! But the Marquis, 'tis perhaps for him?

René. Very possible.

Clea. Thou drivest me mad! Can Emilia, gentle and unaffected as she is, prefer the self-sufficiency of the Marquis to sincerity and affection like mine?

René. She is a woman.

Clea. Would her father, loving her as he does, sacrifice her happiness to the vanity of seeing her a marchioness?

René. He is a financier.

Clea. They come: perhaps they speak of Emily.

René. Nay, stay and speak you in your turn.

Clea. I want resolution; beside, can I ask her hand without a certainty that I have won her heart? No! Honor forbid. Follow me.

René. He is mad. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—MONDOR *and the* MARQUIS.

Mon. To speak frankly, Marquis, I will not force my child's inclination; she shall marry the man she loves.

Mar. That is precisely what I wish.

Mon. If you can win her heart——

Mar. My dear Sir, I have the honor to inform you it is already won. I have been here nearly a week.

Mon But what are your proofs?

Mar. Proofs! How can you ask? Is not her restless melancholy visible? Does not every feature speak a profound passion, which she endeavors to hide, but which is continually bursting forth.

Mon. What if Cleander were the object of it?

Mar. Cleander! Ha, ha, ha! That is pleasant.

Mon. Why wonder? He is a youth of merit.

Mar. I admire him infinitely!

Mon. His late father, a worthy magistrate, was my friend, and I have ever held his son as well deserving the hand of Emilia. Though I said nothing, it was with this intention, I confess, that I invited him to my country house. You have done me the honor of a visit——

Mar. And your projects are now reversed?

Mon. I desire nothing but my child's happiness; her choice shall be mine: it is made, and in your favor, as you say; but I want better proof.

Mar. You are very incredulous. To be indiscreet is what I would not wish, but no matter. You require it, and must be satisfied.

AIR.—MARQUIS.

Pensive beneath th' umbrageous grove
I watch'd the charming lovely maid;
My ardent lips reveal'd my heart
In language that might well persuade.
She sigh'd, and still refus'd to tell
The meaning of those gentle sighs;
But, ah, my heart could not mistake
The gentle meaning of her eyes.

Mon. So, her eyes spoke; but her lips were silent?

Mar. Her lips! Fie! Fie! As if they were necessary!

Mon. Such was the custom of old.

Mar. That I dare say; but we moderns are not so stupid: a glance of the eye is sufficient. To the point: I love your daughter, she adores me, and I demand her in marriage. Will you, or will you not, consent to her happiness?

Mon. 'Tis my first wish; but I will not act on supposition: when her mouth shall have repeated all that her eyes have told you, I shall be satisfied. Your answer depends on her.

Mar. I shall wait with impatience, but without alarm.

Mon. (*to* La Fleur, *who appears*) Good morrow, La Fleur! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* La Fleur.

La Fleur. So, your determination, I find, is fixed, Sir?

Mar. Yes, La Fleur; I have taken my resolution.

La Fleur. Then I pity Cleander; he is deeply smitten.

Mar. Oh, he may be easily pacified: he is a simple good natured youth, and will make an excellent husband. Do you know I have a mind to give him up my Countess?

La Fleur. What, the young Widow of Provence? The Countess of Belmont, whom you so cruelly abandoned at Aix?

Mar. Yes, charming as she is.

La Fleur. Oh, an excellent scheme! In one respect, the Countess belongs to him; for, in paying your court to her, you took his name. You must allow, Sir, it was an odd idea, highly worthy of yourself.

Mar. No harm on earth. Being but a little way from my own neighbourhood, where the Marquis de Versac was a name rather too well known in the chronicles of gallantry, I assumed that of Cleander, and did him the honor of making it supposed that he was a fashionable man and a favorite with the ladies.

La Fleur. And, to do you justice, Sir, you were completely successful. Cleander will be long spoken of in Provence, though he little suspects it; and, though I would make no boast, the reputation of René will at least equal that of his master; for, as you took the master's name, I was obliged to take that of the valet, and, while you cajoled the Countess, I lost no time with Marton. Such is the effect of good example.

Mar. Yes, we live and learn.

La Fleur. You are now gallant to Emilia, and I to Lisetta. But I thought you loved the Countess.

Mar. So I do: but circumstances——

La Fleur. And do you love Emilia too?

Mar. I'll marry her. Here she comes.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* Mondor, Emilia, *and* Lisetta.

Mar. Charming Emilia! Perhaps I have been too indiscreet: you must forgive me; I spoke only to your father, and he, you know, is a kind papa; we have nothing to fear.

Emil. I own, Sir, it has astonished me. I knew not that——

Mon. Come, come, child, no false bashfulness: you have avowed that you have lost your heart, and have but to name the happy man.

Emil. Name him? Think, Sir, what you ask!

Mar. Dear Madam, do not suspend your happiness!

La Fleur. And must I be refused, Lisetta?

Lis. Not more than your master, Mr. La Fleur.

FINALE.

Mondor.

Thy thoughts reveal, ah why conceal
The secret of thy breast!

Omnes, except EMILIA.

Speak, lady, speak, and set your heart at rest.

Emilia.

How can I speak? How set my heart at rest?

SCENE V.—*Enter* RENE, *pushing* CLEANDER *on the Stage.*

René. Do you, Sir, speak, and set her heart at rest.

Mon. My Emily, what dost thou fear?
Whom dost thou choose?

Emil. Behold him here!

Mar. What say you now? The devil's in't if that's not clear!

Mon. I doubt, and still desire to hear.

Mar. } I'll speak and set { your / my } heart at rest.
Cle. } (*both kneel*) Behold your lover at your feet.

Emil. O joyful hour! my heart's at rest.
Cleander loves, and I am blest!

Mon. (*to* Marquis) What say you, Sir, to this defeat?

Mar. Nay, Sir——

La Fleur. The less he says the better.

A Servant brings a letter to MONDOR, *and retires.*

Mon. How now? To me?

La Fleur. Oh yes!

Mon. A letter?
Countess of Belmont! Who is she?

La Fleur. (*to* Marquis) Sir, you could tell!

Mar. Peace!

Mon. Let me see!
(*reads*) Cleander! how? can this be true?
From Provence dated!

La Fleur. (*to* Marquis) Yes, tis you.
Mar. Peace, sirrah, peace!
Omnes. See his surprise
Good Heav'n! behold his anger rise!
Emil. Explain, dear Sir, the dreadful cause!
Mon. (*to* Cleander) To honor deaf, and honor's laws,
Your perfidy is here reveal'd!
(*reads*) "Sir, in your family conceal'd,
"A base subornor asks your child:
"To me he came, on me he smil'd;
"My easy faith, alas, he won.
"Beware, nor take him for your son.
"Cleander is no longer free,
"His heart and hand are pledg'd to me."
Omnes. Cleander base!
Emil. Can that be true?
La Fleur. (*to* Marquis) Oh, yes; 'tis either him or you.
Mar. Peace, sirrah, peace!
Clea. What do I hear?
Omnes. Behold him seiz'd with shame and fear!
Clea. Hear, Emily! my charmer, hear!
Emil. Depart! I read your shame and fear.
Clea. What, base to her I hold so dear!
Mar. My hopes revive; no more I fear.
Omnes. Alas, we read his shame and fear! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Lisetta *alone.*

Lisetta.

This must be all a dream! Cleander treacherous! I'll not believe a word of it: like man like master, and I am sure Mr. René is a very pretty behaved young man. Should he prove false-hearted, I—I'll never listen to a man again.

AIR.—Lisetta.

Sincerity and faith are flown;
No maid must call a man her own,
Nor yield her heart, nor please her eye,
But in suspicion live and die:
Delights of love can none restore,
Since faith and truth are now no more.

SCENE II.—*Enter* Rene.

Lis. Here he comes. If he is false hearted, I am a foolish silly girl; and that is what I won't believe.

René. Yonder my poor master sits in despair. Ah!

Lis. Why so much afflicted, Mr. René?

René. Angry, Mrs. Lisetta; angry!

Lis. Angry at what?

René. At what? At bare-faced lies! At seeing the best master in the world treated thus, under the vain pretence of a letter signed by some Countess, who I dare say is no where to be found. Enough to make a man angry!

Lis. Have you long served your master?

René. Ever since he was a child, and will never leave him.

Lis. Never!

René. No, never, let what will happen.

Lis. I have promised too never to leave my mistress; though I see it might be vexatious enough to keep my word. (*they look and sigh*) Were you with him in Provence?

René. I with him! He has never been there!

Lis. To speak duly and truly, is not he false-hearted?

René. Can you doubt too?

Lis. Nay, but can you answer for him?

René. As certainly as I can answer for myself.

Lis. Then I am resolved to believe you. Let him clear himself to Emily; and, above all, to her father. She is pressed to marry the marquis, and, being so vexed, has more than half consented.

René. La Fleur, I suppose, is no less victorious? But patience! He will not long triumph: my master has written concerning this pretended Countess, and will soon have an answer: it will then be our turn, if Miss Emilia will not be in too much haste.

Lis. Oh, she shall wait: that she shall, or I'll never rest; for I love her dearly, and beside I—I—

René. Might love somebody else.

Lis. Ah, Mr. René!

René. Ah, Mrs. Lisetta!

DUET.

René. I love my master.
Lis. Who can boast
So sweet a mistress?
René. Yet I own
I feel regret!
Lis. Who feels it most?
For other hopes my heart has known.
René. Ah, would I had the art to please!
Lis. Ah, can you think me quite at ease?
Both. May Love and Hymen yet unite
The hearts that faith and truth delight.

René. I declare, Mrs. Lisetta, your words and looks make

me I don't know how. Ah, would but Miss Emilia and my master follow our example, and freely speak their thoughts——

Lis. Which I warrant they are willing enough to do!

René. If so, we must manage the matter. My master is so timid, Paris itself has not been able to cure him of false modesty.

Lis. That is odd enough.

René. But for me, he would not have said a word this morning; so you may guess how he feels at present. Could not we comfort him, by bringing him and your mistress together?

Lis. 'Tis just what I wish: but how? She is absolutely forbidden his sight, and she cannot leave the house without giving suspicion. Suppose—suppose you should bring Cleander here, and I could persuade her to take the air at the balcony? Though they might not dare to speak, they might look, and that is something.

René. Oh, a great deal.

Lis. The eyes can talk, Mr. René!

René. I see they can, Mrs. Lisetta: for yours quite bewitch me. I would tell you a great deal if I could.—Somebody is coming! Good by, dear Lisetta, good by. I'll make haste to my master.

Lis. And I to my mistress; for I am determined she shall—follow her own inclinations. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter the* MARQUIS *and* LA FLEUR.

LA FLEUR *speaks to* LISETTA, *who returns him a formal Curtsey as she goes off.*

La Fleur. Ah, my adorable!—So formal! We might be man and wife. What is the matter, Sir? Why so serious?

Mar. I am vexed to the quick. The petty daughter of a financier to prefer this Cleander to me! I must be destined to extraordinary events.

La Fleur. Marry her, and be revenged. Thanks to the letter, Cleander is forbidden the house, and has taken up his lodging at the Farm, till he can pack up and be off. He will be gone to-day.

Mar. But he was preferred.

La Fleur. What of that? If not from love, she will marry you from vexation; which amounts to just the same.

Mar. If I had not promised, I'd play her a trick.

La Fleur. Promised who?

Mar. My creditors.

La Fleur. Then make haste, or we may be found out.

Mar. Why, very true: so to-morrow—Heyday! a coach stops at the park gate! Women alight! So much the better.

La Fleur. For us, and the worse for them.

Mar. How like! Can it be? 'Tis she herself!

La Fleur. The Countess and her maid, as I live! We are lost!

Mar. What shall I do?

La Fleur. Hide yourself.

Mar. And then—?

La Fleur. Decamp.

Mar. Cursed embarrassment! [*They retire.*

SCENE IV.—*Enter the* COUNTESS *and* MARTON.

Coun. Perfidious Cleander! I shall meet him at last!

Mar. Base René! Let him take care!

Coun. Oh, the pleasure of confounding him!

Mar. The dear delight of tearing out his eyes!

Coun. Go and announce me to the young lady.

[*Exit* Marton.

RECITATIVE.

Coun. Fatal was the day when th' ungrateful wretch,
Whom I detest—whom I ador'd,
Pretending honor, ah, pretending love,
Won my too easy heart.
These happy songsters, this umbrageous grove,
Do but recall his treachery,
And my despair.
For such the scene, Cleander, where I listen'd first,
Was first deceiv'd!

AIR.

Remorse be gone!
Let tenderness no more
My bosom melt.
Ah! by the heart that can adore
Bitter resentment most is felt.

SCENE V.—*Re-enter* MARTON, *followed by* EMILY LISETTA.

Mar. This is my mistress, Madam.

Coun. You have, no doubt, seen a letter, Madam, written by me?

Emil. Unfortunately, Madam, I have.

Coun. Fearing you might suspect it to be false, I determined to hasten hither, that I might save you from danger, and overwhelm perfidy with confusion.

Emil. How guilty is Cleander!

Coun. And how dangerous! My weakness has no excuse,

except that when we met I knew not his principles, and was just then without a protector, the affairs of my respectable uncle having called him elsewhere.

Mar. Yes, a knight of Malta: but he will soon be back, and let Mr. Cleander take care of himself: trifling with him is no boy's play.

Coun. He may at this moment be informed of my flight, my shame!

Lis. But I cannot think how Mr. René——

Mar. Vile fellow! Worse than his master.

Lis. Then I have been sadly mistaken!

Mar. Not so much as *me!*

Emil. Please, Madam, to repose yourself within.

Coun. Alas! Where shall I find repose!

SCENE VI.—*The* MARQUIS *and* LA FLEUR *appear at a Distance.*

La Fleur. They are there still.

Mar. Hush!

SESTETTO.

Coun. Abandon'd thus, can words denote my grief?

Emil. Come, death, 'tis thou alone canst bring relief.

Mar. Oh, grief is very grievous, I confess;

Lis. But die?
I'd rather cry.

Omnes Females. Oh, where shall honor find redress!

Mar. Too charming Countess! who can see
Such beauties and unmov'd remain?

La Fleur. Sweet Marton, I could toy with thee,
For thee could live and love again!

Females. My sighs my feeble heart discover;
It pants for this perfidious lover.

Men. My raptur'd eyes again recover
The tenderness that speaks the lover.

[*Exeunt* Countess, Emilia, Marton, *and* Lisetta.

SCENE VII.

Mar. Adorable Countess!

La Fleur. Oh the sweet Marton!

Mar. They are in the house.

La Fleur. Yes, and we are out, where we may stay.

Mar. How beautiful did she appear in her grief!

La Fleur. Yes, despair looked charmingly both in mistress and maid. Ungrateful hussеys, to complain when they owe us so many obligations.

Mar. My heart would urge me to end these complaints.

La Fleur. And as for mine, I can't tell what the devil ails it.

Mar. How could I fall at the feet of the Countess!

La Fleur. Oh, I could kiss the ground where Marton walks!

Mar. Her tenderness, beauty, and birth——

La Fleur. Beside the necessity of the case. The mistake cannot continue. Lisetta and Emilia are not for us. The Countess and Marton will demand to see their perfidious lovers, who will be no sooner seen than discovered. Should we play at hide and seek, Cleander and René will be sent for, and then for astonishment, explanation, the plot unravelled, and the piece ended.

Mar. How to act?

La Fleur. E'en like honest men.

Mar. That is so vulgar.

La Fleur. But the pleasure of redressing wrongs!

Mar. If redressed, they must be confessed, rascal! Have you no shame?

La Fleur. Have you any to spare, Sir?

Mar. Talked of, laughed at by this financier, his daughter, and Cleander! Insupportable!

La Fleur. 'Tis wormwood, I grant. Then the portion of Emilia has so many charms! Did not certain obstacles——

Mar. (*ardently*) They spur me on, and shall be conquered.

La Fleur. Oh, your fame would be great, I own——

Mar. What means can we find——

La Fleur. Hush! Some one comes! Perhaps the Countess. Away! Oh no!

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* MONDOR.

AIR.—MONDOR.

I bring you news: Cleander here
To face confusion must appear;
The beauteous Countess, young and fair,
Betray'd, the victim of despair,
Means to inflict the traitor's due;
Painful to him, pleasant to you!

Mar. Is it possible?

La Fleur. So, so!

Mon. I have just left her: she has briefly related her sorrows: the means used to seduce her were no less dangerous than disloyal. In my youth I cannot say that I was always free from blame myself, but I was never guilty to such a degree. Really, Marquis, such actions are not to be pardoned.

La Fleur. (*looking at the* Marquis) That is what I have just told my master.

Mon. And his valet was as bad as himself. I would horsewhip him first, and then hang him.

Mar. (*to* La Fleur) It would serve him very right.

Mon. Could you believe it, the ladies still are doubtful?

Mar. That is very strange!

Mon. Cleander and René have such a deceitful appearance. My daughter and her maid say there is another Cleander, and another René.

Mar. And can you be so amused?

Mon. No, certainly. Beside, it shall soon be made clear.

Mar. (*anxiously*) What is to be done?

Mon. Considering you as my son-in-law, I will tell you. Lisetta, at the instigation of René, and unknown to Emilia and me, has been weak enough to promise she will induce her mistress to appear on the balcony, and listen to the pretended justification of Cleander. From kindness of heart my daughter consented; but do not be alarmed at that, for the frankness of her heart, is incapable of deceit. Now this is our plot; the rendezvous shall take place, we will hide in this bower, Cleander suspecting nothing, will come, when he appears, Emilia will inform the Countess, and, to his utter confusion, we will likewise appear, while reproach, shame, and contempt, will banish him for ever. What think you of my scheme?

Mar. 'Tis admirable! (*aside to* La Fleur) and I hope to profit by it.—Ah, here they come! Quick! quick! Hide!

[*Exeunt into the bower.*

SCENE IX.—*Enter* CLEANDER *and* RENE.

FINALE.

René. Tread softly, Sir, they'll soon be here.
Clea. How sweet my hope, how great my fear.
Can love reverse th' unjust decree?
René. Oh, love pleads well, as you shall see.

[EMILIA *and* LISETLA *appear on the balcony.*]

Lis. René!
Emil. Cleander!
Both. Speak, oh speak!
Are you disloyal?
Men. Words are weak!
Ah, can you doubt my love and truth?
Emil. } Ah, may I trust the gentle youth?
Lis. }
Lis. I'll fetch the Countess—See, she's here!

[*The* COUNTESS *and* MARTON *appear on the balcony.*]

Mar. (*peeping*) The risk is great should I appear.
La F. No, show yourself, she surely will
Mistake you for Cleander still.
Emil. } You see, you see!
Lis. }

Count. } *Mart.* } 'Tis he! 'Tis he!

Mon. and females. Cleander! René! Treach'rous men!

Mar. } *La Fleur.* } Oh happy chance! All's right again!

Clea. } *René.* } 'Tis witchcraft all! Undone again!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—La Fleur *alone.*

La Fleur.

Our escape is lucky it must be owned; Cleander and René were totally dumb-founded. I do not think they will soon again be tempted to return! But what will Emilia and her father think of the absence of me and my master? Till Marton and the Countess decamp, our charming faces must not be seen there. What if they should stay all night and leave us the sky for a canopy? That would be too cruel! Yet to such trifling accidents we men of gallantry are often exposed. To say the truth, I am tired of the trade, so I'll e'en marry Lisetta and reform.

AIR.

No longer shall conquest and glory inspire
My tongue the dear nymphs to betray:
Be triumph renounc'd, from the field I retire;
Love cannot my labors repay.

Dear creatures, so sweet and so slender,
With bosoms so gentle and tender,
What havoc among ye I've made.
Jack who kill'd giants, as I have been told,
Jack who kill'd giants was never so bold,
Nor ever such amorous battles could win:
Perhaps the poor simpleton thought it a sin;
But I
Could cowardly concience defy,
While the warfare of love was my trade.

I hear the dear creatures complain!
They look, ah, how languid! How tender the strain!
"And am I forsaken indeed?
"La Fleur! sweet La Fleur! Can you see my heart bleed!

" Why was I, alas, too complying;
" Behold, cruel man, I am dying:
" By turns how I rage and I languish;
" Ah will you not pity my anguish?
" Then I swear by the Styx that my ghost
" Each night shall stand by your bed-post."
Hark? In chorus they join.
" Beware!
" La Fleur!
" Too cruel La Fleur,
" Thy peace we'll purloin;
" Lo, erect stands thy hair,
" While the bed-clothes we tear,
" And try who can frighten thee most."

Then conquest and glory no more shall inspire
My tongue the dear nymphs to betray;
Be triumph renounc'd, from the field I retire;
Love cannot my Labours repay.

Strangers are coming yonder. What may that mean? I must be on the watch.

SCENE II.—*Enter the* COMMANDER *and* SERVANT.

Com. Yes, yes, this is the place——Hark ye, go to the inn, fetch my pistols, and wait for me at the park gate. (*Exit* Servant.) We shall soon come to a right understanding with this Mr. Cleander.——What can have become of my dear niece? I returned from my travels with the joyful expectation of holding her in my arms, and had the anguish to hear of the deceit she has suffered, and of her elopement. Ay, ay, she feared my anger: she was right.—When I see her——I shall begin, however, with the gallant.——What fellow is this? Belongs to the house, I suppose; I must inquire.

La. Fleur. (*aside*) Who can he be? I do not much like his looks.

Com. Do you live here, friend?

La Fleur. Yes, Sir; at your service.

Com. Then you know one Cleander?

La Fleur. Oh, yes, Sir, I have good reason to know him.

Com. Perhaps you serve him?

La Fleur. (*aside*) I must dissemble.—I have that honor, Sir.

Com. There was something in your look that told me as much.

La Fleur. Perhaps, Sir, you are one of my master's friends?

Com. Yes, I will soon show him he has not a better.

La Fleur. The Marquis de Versac, a very amiable gentleman, is also here on a visit: do you happen to know him, Sir?

Com. No, but I have heard much of him.——I have something of an important nature to communicate to your master in private.

La Fleur. Indeed, Sir! Is it any thing that happens to relate to his journey into Provence?

Com. Precisely. (*aside*) The rascal is in the secret.

La Fleur. (*aside*) He knows all! His purpose is to discover the truth.——Will you be kind enough——

Com. This letter will explain my meaning. Deliver it, and inform Cleander I expect him with impatience. He will find me under yonder elm-trees. Take care! Be punctual.

[*Exit.*

La Fleur. Oh, yes, Sir, depend upon me: on my probity, my discretion—(*opens the letter*) Here the Marquis comes just n time.

SCENE III.—*Enter the* MARQUIS.

Mar. Well, is the Countess gone?

La Fleur. Not yet: you seem impatient?

Mar. To follow my inclinations, I should follow her: yet I forsake her, and for whom? For a low-bred Miss who disdains me, and only marries me in revenge. It would be a proper punishment to give her to her Cleander.

La Fleur. Perhaps you may spare yourself the trouble. Our obstacles are not yet ended. One of Cleander's friends has just arrived with proofs of his innocence.

Mar. How!

La Fleur. Read, and thank Heaven you have such a valet.

Mar. (*reads*) "Sir, My name is Fierville. I am uncle "to the Countess of Belmont: you understand me. I am "waiting for you, and have brought pistols for both."

La Fleur. Pistols! Mercy on me! Give me back that cursed letter; that Cleander, to whom it is addressed, may have t, and answer it how he pleases.

Mar. No, it was meant for me: the answer must be mine.

La Fleur. And what do you mean to do?

Mar. My duty.

La Fleur. What, Sir, will——

Mar. Peace! Stay where you are. Follow me not, or dread my anger. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

La Fleur. O pray have no fear of me: fight as much as you will, I'll meddle with no such matters. I witness a battle! And with pistols! When the hand, if it happened to tremble, might be levelled at the servant instead of the master. I am no such fool: my wish is to live. Damn fighting! Ah, bah! despise it, hate it——

SCENE V.

Enter RENE *behind, and taps* LA FLEUR *on the Shoulder.*

DUET.

René. Mr. La Fleur! Sweet Sir, your servant!
La Fleur. Oh Sir! dear Sir! your most observant!
René. Admiring much your mien and carriage,
I'm come to greet you on your marriage.
Mr. La Fleur.
La Fleur. Oh, Sir! Dear Sir!
René. The Marquis, your fine master, Sir,
Is to be found?
La Fleur. I know not where.
René. Indeed! 'Tis lucky you are here!
But, ere you went, I'd say one word:
My master has put on his sword,
And waits the Marquis in the wood.
Am I, good Sir, quite understood?
La Fleur. Oh, perfectly.
René. You'll find the place.
Pray come, and bring that handsome face.
La Fleur. Me, Sir!
René. Yes, you, I want your ears.
La Fleur. My ears!
René. Don't be surpris'd, your ears!
For as I heard Lisetta say,
To treat you on your wedding day,
She'd dish them up in tears
Take care, don't leave 'em, Sir, behind you,
And come, or we'll take care to find you.
Mr. La Fleur, sweet Sir, your servant
La Fleur. Kind Sir, dear Sir, your most observant!

[*Exit* René.

SCENE VI.

La Fleur. Zounds, this would complete the business! You are very amiable, Mrs. Lisetta, I must allow; but the devil shall take all the Lisettas on earth, rather than I'll fight with such a surly fellow as this. My master is made of different mettle, and would be mad enough to fight, should he escape the Commander. His accounts must at last be closed, I find. First the pistol, then the sword. Oh, he loves variety!—I should like to know how it will end. But my curiosity is not quite so strong as my fear. (*the report of a pistol is heard*) Oh, lord! What will become of me! (*a second*) Another! It's all over somebody is dead!—I dare not examine.—I wish—What do I see?—The Marquis and his adversary? (*falls fervently on his knees*) Heaven be praised!

SCENE VII.—*Enter* MARQUIS *and the* COMMANDER.

Com. Yes, Sir, I have a right to complain! Receive my shot, and then fire in the air?

Mar. Dear Sir, that is my way.

Com. Sir, generosity from you is what I would not wish, after the injury you have done my family.

Mar. If you please, it may be repaired.

Com. Explain yourself.

Mar. Hasten to your lovely niece; oh, paint my love and my repentance; exhaust every means that nature, love, and friendship can afford, which may induce her to forget my faults, and accept my hand.

Com. Are you serious?

La Fleur. Ah, my dear Marton!

Mar. Ridiculous vanity and bad example led me astray; but, on my honor, the love I bear the Countess has never been extinct. Nay, I do not love; I adore, and on you my happiness depends.

Com. I cannot express my joy and surprise! But where to find my niece? You perhaps can tell.

La Fleur. She is near at hand, Sir. (*pointing.*)

Com. What here? How happy am I!

Mar. And may I hope?

Com. Oh, I'll answer for success. She has need of my pardon, and shall only have it on condition of granting yours. —Give me your hand. I knew, by your bravery, there was worth in your heart. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

La Fleur. Are you really sincere, Sir?

Mar. I am: Love and the Countess are victorious.

La Fleur. And the paths of virtue lie before us. Happy dog! I am now in my element. But what will become of your creditors and your promise? 'Tis true, you have broken that so often, they will not be much surprised.

Mar. Residence in the country, with economy, and they will soon be paid.

La Fleur. Country economy! What a reformation is here! How peacefully our days will pass! Our names will no more be heard of, but happiness, oh, happiness surpasses fame.

Mar. Yes, happiness to all: to my lovely Countess, to the tender Emilia, and to the wronged Cleander! Faulty though I have been, I feel I have a heart for virtue.

La Fleur. Better late than never. Would you believe it, I was your forerunner. By one great sublime effort I had resolved to give comfort to that poor fellow, that René, and resign Lisetta. He came to me, and addressed me just now in so moving a manner, that I felt myself quite—I can't describe.

SCENE IX.—*Enter* EMILIA *and* LISETTA, *not seeing the* MARQUIS *and* LA FLEUR.

Emil. Follow me, Lisetta.

Lis. What new misfortune, Madam? The stranger——

Emil. Is uncle to the Countess, has just fought with Cleander, and desires himself to reconcile the lovers.

Lis. So, so! And Mrs. Marton——

Emil. I am resigned, but will not witness the ceremony.

Lis. (*half crying*) Right, Madam. Much good may it do them all.

Emil. Till they are gone, I will not return.

Mar. Beauteous Emilia——

Emil. Sir! I saw you not. What would you say? My father has promised I must be obedient.

Mar. No, I will not accept the cruel sacrifice.

Emil. Sir!

Mar. Have the goodness to hear me.

[*A symphony is played:* CLEANDER *and* RENE *appear at a distance during the first part.*

Clea. (*aside*) My rival with Emilia!

[*During the second part of the symphony, the* COUNTESS, *the* COMMANDER, *and* MONDOR, *come from the house unperceived.*

Coun. (*aside*) Heavens! Cleander with my rival!

Mon. Cleander!

Coun. Hush! (*music continues.*)

Mar. Cleander lov'd you.

Coun. Then farewel
To future peace!

Mar. His heart was yours:
And once you lov'd.

Emil. (*aside*) Alas, too well!

Mar. Remember what that heart endures:
He loves you still.

Coun. Farewel, farewel
To future peace!

Emil. How! Love me still?

Mar. Dear lady, yes, and ever will.
Cleander ever was sincere!

[*The characters all come forward, some pointing to* CLEANDER, *others to the* MARQUIS.

CHORUS.

Com. What mean you, Sir? Behold him here!

Mar. Oh, no, the truth shall soon appear.

Mon. (*to the* Commander) You mistake, Sir, it is the Marquis of Versac.

Coun. Is it possible!

Com. The Marquis of Versac?

Mar. It is but too true, Sir?

Com. Under the name of Cleander?

Mar. I confess my guilt. I took the name of a worthy man, the better to cover base designs.

Emil. (*enraptured*) Cleander!

Clea. Dear Emilia!

René. (*to* La Fleur) And, I warrant you, borrowed mine?

La Fleur. It can no longer be denied.

René. Insolent fellow!

Mar. What apology, Sir, can I make?

Clea. None, Marquis: my heart has not room for one jot of resentment.

Mar. Ah, Sir, could you but prevail!

Com. Fear nothing! Niece, you promised to pardon Cleander: will you refuse the Marquis?

Coun. Ah! ungrateful creature!—But he respected my uncle's life, and that itself is a sufficient motive.

CHORUS.

Oh, happy hour! Oh, bliss supreme!
Let love and virtue be the theme!
To ta-te their sweets make no delay;
The reign of love begins to-day.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

REMARKS.

Of this piece, and of Marriage Projects, little can be said, except that they are of a pleasant but a light construction; that they never excite deep thought, strong feelings, or seldom any thing beyond a smile, but that they give much amusement and no little instruction; for they too faithfully paint those who call themselves men of gallantry in France, as well as the deceit and the tricks which are common among the servants.

FALSE INDIFFERENCE:

A DRAMATIC PROVERB,

IN ONE ACT,

FROM

THE FRENCH OF CARMONTEL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE CHEVALIER.

THE COUNTESS.

HENRIETTA.

FALSE INDIFFERENCE:

A DRAMATIC PROVERB *.

SCENE I.

The COUNTESS, HENRIETTA.

Countess.

HENRIETTA!

Hen. Madam!

Coun. Give me——

Hen. What, Madam?

Coun. The inkstand—no, a chair.

Hen. You seem very uneasy, Madam?

Coun. Ah, Henrietta! My situation is inconceivable!

Hen. Have you to complain of the Chevalier?

Coun. Quite the contrary. He is too faithful.

Hen. That reproach surprises me.

Coun. Well it may. I am very wrong.

Hen. He loves you too tenderly?

Coun. Yes.

Hen. Marry and he'll soon be cured.

Coun. Marry a man I cannot love!

Hen. You do not love him?

Coun. No, 'tis this that torments me.

Hen. An uncommon torment.

Coun. I see you do not understand. What reproaches can I make him? None. Love cannot be more ardent, more delicate. To be ungrateful, contrary to one's wish, and without the least cause of complaint, is dreadful.

Hen. I cannot see which way. You are still the same.

Coun. Cannot you imagine what his sufferings will be, when he shall know my indifference.

Hen. The loss of a heart like yours, I own, Madam, will be great; but while you do not bestow it on another, how are

* The Proverb is *Le feu est caché sous le cendre.* "There is fire under the embers."

you to blame? One cannot command one's inclinations, and that he should love you is surely no harm.

Coun. Shall I practise deceit?

Hen. Such deceit will make him happy.

Coun. 'Tis what I am incapable of. Yet to let him see I love no longer is to distract him. I know not what to do! I am so embarrassed when he is present: while that is his only happiness.

Hen. In that case, Madam, write to him.

Coun. But his grief! His despair!

Hen. I hear him! Determine how to act.

Coun. Heavens! Desire him to wait: I must consider again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Enter the* CHEVALIER.

Che. So, Henrietta! Can I see the Countess?

Hen. She is very busy: I will ask, if you please.

Che. I wish to speak with her, but I am in no hurry.

Hen. I will tell her you are here, Sir.

Che. Oh, do not disturb her.

Hen. I will bring you her answer. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Che. (*thoughtful*) Why did I stay? How can I tell her?—Could I once have thought I should cease to love her?—Yet, so it is.—Her beauty, her tenderness are the same: 'tis that distracts me.—Break with her on the eve of marriage, and without cause?—So it must be! I could endure her hatred, but her contempt will be intolerable.—What shall I say? That I do not love her? I who have so often sworn to live only for her? To adore her with my dying breath? To—Barbarian! What, plunge a poniard in the bosom of her who loves me so tenderly, from whom she hopes the happiness of her life! I were a monster!—What if I write?—Ay, I may blush at the indifference that is come over me, but not at an action which proves the integrity of my heart. (*reads as he writes*) "My heart, Madam, has deceived me." Heavens! It will kill her!—(*continues*) "But, if such be your pleasure, my promise shall be kept. I do not abandon you for another. I am incapable of such perfidy. My loss is much the greatest, since no blessing can equal that love which was once to me so precious." I'll give this letter to Henrietta and fly. (*folds and seals it.*)

SCENE IV.—*Enter* HENRIETTA.

Hen. My lady, Sir, cannot see you to-day, but has sent you this note.

Che. As she pleases. I too have written: give her that.

Hen. Immediately, Sir.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Che. Oh, how far is she from suspecting what she is about to read! Let me see what her note contains.——Is it possible? Can I believe my senses? (*reads*) "Sir, It is with "the deepest affliction that I write at present. We must meet "no more: I am unworthy of you. I will not deceive you: "my happiness is gone: you, and you alone, taught me to "hope, but my ungrateful heart has forgot to feel. Your "sufferings will not equal mine. You are revenged on me; "I deserve to suffer: suffering is a debt that I owe you. "Do not afflict yourself too much. Let not your despair make "me bitterly repent of having been sincere. Adieu" (*he falls into an arm chair: pause*) She loves me no longer! How unfeelingly does she tell me so! She was the first! Yet how did I fear to inflict a wound! Ungrateful woman! How have I lost her heart? Oh, she never loved me! Dreadful thought! Is she capable of such deceit? Horrible situation!

SCENE VI.—*Enter the* COUNTESS, *seeing him seated at a Table leaning, and covering his Face with his Hands.*

Coun. How, Chevalier! Is it possible you can have written this letter?

Che. Could I have supposed I should ever have had a like reproach to make with a certainty of its truth? O Countess, your heart could never have dictated these words!

Coun. Can you complain at the very moment your guilt is still greater? When I dreaded the effects of your despair?

Che. And can you think, Madam, the fear was vain? No! I shall die! Continue to live happy, since happiness no longer depends on me.

Coun. Ungrateful man! You little know my heart! Or the loss of it would not have thus been felt. I now see my error.

Che. What do I hear? Heavens!—The joyful hope—— Oh, Madam, if I have rendered myself unworthy a heart so affectionate, time, repentance, every action will prove it was a strange wandering of the mind, which I myself can never pardon. Happy shall I be if one day you should be less severe.

Coun. What shall I say?

Che. Can you forgive? Shall I again hope? Do you still love me?

Coun. Did I ever cease to love? What did I suffer while I wrote! You have truly said it was a strange wandering of the mind, which I cannot comprehend.

Che. Ah! our hearts were formed for each other. Love has been irritated at us both, for having so long deferred our union.

Coun. It will be the more durable, the more sincere. Yes,

Chevalier, indifference has failed in her aim, and will never attack us again.

Che. I feel, I feel I shall love you with my latest breath.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY.

ANECDOTES OF THE LIFE OF SAMUEL FOOTE.

(*Continued from Vol. II. No. XII. p.* 401.)

WITHOUT entering into a circumstantial detail of facts, for which I have neither room nor leisure, suffice it to state the melancholy truth: that Foote wrote this personal satire, which, though it might be highly deserved, proved to be no less dangerous; that the dutchess, terrified at first, offered to bribe him high; that he refused the bribe, but, by the interference of persons of rank, was prevailed on to suppress the piece, of which he wrote to inform her, provided she would suppress the abuse that was lavished on him in the public prints; that, instigated and aided by a reverend villain, a clergyman of the name of Jackson, who at last poisoned himself in Ireland to escape being hanged for high treason, she answered him by an invective letter, the falsehood of which even exceeded its insolence; that his reply to her was pleasant, while the satire of it was bitter, and the composition masterly; that by the same aid and instigation she instituted a prosecution for sodomy against him; that he was publicly, and if glory could attach itself to such a scene, gloriously acquitted; but so great was the impression made on his heart, a heart alive to every sensibility, rendered excruciating by the vile instruments of her vengeance, he was so much affected as shortly after to be struck with the palsy, and on a second attack, intending to go to the South of France for his health, death overtook him while waiting for a fair wind at Dover, and he there expired, with a deep sigh, October 21, 1777, in the 57th year of his age. No adequate biography of this great author and actor has ever yet appeared, though ample and admirable materials are supplied by Mr. Cooke, from whose life of Foote the facts above narrated have been chiefly drawn; from which, and

from his works, the powers of the poet and the excellence of the man may unquestionably be deduced. It is a task which, hereafter, should I find opportunity, I shall gladly endeavour better to execute than I have done at present. For a short time I was personally known to him, and witnessed several facts which first induced me to become one of his ardent admirers.

THE ART OF ACTING.

(*Continued from Vol. II. No. XII. p.* 414.)

CHAP. X.

THE three first acts of Hamlet contain the great essentials of the character. Much might be said, and many instructions given, to the Tyro concerning the remaining part; but every thing that is most essential, every thing that the author of this treatise knew how to convey by words, has already been given. The actor, who can faithfully pourtray Hamlet, in the scenes that already have been treated of, is fully equal to those which remain. They require great support, it is true, for they have much less passion; but that support can certainly be given by those who can do justice to the former scenes.

And here I shall conclude this first part of a treatise on the Art of Acting; leaving it for time to discover how far the subject is of a nature general enough to reward the labor which has already been bestowed on it, and that which it may further require.

ESSAY ON DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.

(*Continued from Vol. II. No. XII. p.* 419.)

THE above Essay was intended to be the first of a set of essays, on a subject which the author considers as highly interesting to moral instruction, as well as to delightful amusement. It has been chiefly confined to the very interesting

question of the unities; and should it have the happiness to excity inquiry on this question, on the truth or falsehood of which so much depends in dramatic composition, it will so far be useful. When it was begun, the author had half forgotten the preface of Doctor Johnson to Shakspeare's works: he remembered that this strong thinker, this acute critic, to whom English literature is so infinitely indebted, was adverse to the unities, but not to what degree; and when he read that preface again, which has been so copiously cited, the pleasure he received at seeing the subject so clearly stated was great.

Whether the lovers of the drama shall so far approve this Essay as to wish a continuation of the subject, is a thing unknown to the author. Critical remarks cannot form a poet, but they may greatly aid his youthful career, induce him to think, and point out methods by which his first efforts may be assisted and abbreviated.

NEW PIECES.

ON the 10th of December, a new comedy made its appearance at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, called The School for Friends. It is understood to be the production of Miss Chambers, a young lady who, according to the information received by the editor, is the orphan daughter of a naval officer, and is reported to be now five and twenty. The School for Friends has so much merit, that, to consider it as the work of a lady of five and twenty, it excites great surprise. Not indeed from any intricacy of plot, or happiness of incident, but for the tierceness, the propriety, and the force of the dialogue. It seems to promise a future harvest of excellence, and may those hopes be verified.

The plot is simple, and the characters common but happily sketched. A faithless husband and a suffering wife; he virtuous, but ensnared by his love of gaming; she resigned, constant in her affections, and in her principles dignified. The husband has a friend, and the wife an uncle; and the friend,

though perhaps a little too free, if not licentious, in his own conduct, endeavours gradually to reclaim the husband, while the uncle is no less anxious to defend and support his niece. For this purpose they both employ deception and falsehood, which men of principle ought to avoid, they ought to be admitted dramatic writers only in characters of some depravity, or in such menials as are ignorant of principle.

A dowager, who is amorous in spite of age, vain of being unprincipled, and odious in every action and sentiment, is the strange seducer of this young husband. We are not, indeed, led to believe there is any other fascination employed than that of gaming; but the connection is so improbable, and at the same time so revolting, that this character would undoubtedly have condemned the comedy, had not its beauties been of a strong and indubitable nature.

The niece of this old lady is a charming picture of innocent simplicity and high principle; but such as it may well be doubted whether they ever were seen in the same person, especially at such an age.

A benevolent quaker is also a busy actor in the scene, whom we at once admire and laugh at. Such characters always have a happy effect on the stage; though, in the present instance, he sometimes preaches a little too much common-place. It is contrived, however, that he shall fall in love and marry; for the writer seems to consider marriage as the achmé of happiness.

In the character of the Friend, Mr. Elliston admirably delivered sentiments which had been admirably conceived by the authoress.

Mr. Barrymore was the husband, but he had little to say which could show an actor to great advantage, except some traits of suspicion, remorse, and repentance, which he delivered much to the satisfaction of the audience.

As the representative of a testy kind-hearted old man, Mr. Dowton was excellent.

Mr. Wroughton had to personate a patriotic and high-prin-

cipled member of parliament, and consequently gave no little satisfaction.

Mr. Mathews was the quaker, and was repeatedly honored with great applause.

Mrs. Jordan had too much serious speaking, though every body delights to hear her, be the passion what it will.

Miss Pope gave almost too faithful a copy of the portrait the writer had drawn; but, while she gave great disgust, she deserved very great applause: the depravity of the character was seen in the excellence of the actress.

In Mrs. H. Siddons there was a strength of feeling and a justness of discrimination that were delightful.

Miss Mellon, too, obtained and deserved her full share of applause.

And here it ought to be observed, that the difference between actors, according as the piece is received with or without applause, is very great. Favor expands and animates their faculties, while the reverse deprives them of feeling, discrimination, and almost of memory. On the above night applause frequently thundered, and it was visible that the performers were electrified.

The Sleeping Beauty, a romantic melo-drame, written by Mr. Skeffington, better known as a man of fashion than as an author, appeared, December 6th, at the same theatre, with all the pomp and splendor that the painter, the machinist, and the tailor, could give. Its success, no doubt, equalled the utmost hopes of all the parties, who claim each his share in the exhibition; and the machinist, Mr. Johnson, in particular, has been highly indeed commended. The house was so full that numbers were all the evening walking the lobbies, unable to procure the least peep at the splendid spectacle. To give opportunity to this splendor, we may suppose was the intention of Mr. Skeffington, and his wishes have been completely gratified.

MILSCELLANIES.

THE return of Master Betty to the London theatres has produced a great sensation. Those who saw the excess into which his admirers, or rather worshipers, had fallen, appear to have been desirous of counteracting a public mania. How far it was justifiable for them to attempt at once to deprive him of all pretensions to public favor, is for them to consider: it is for them to settle with their own consciences whether one excess can justify another. Master Betty is an extraordinary boy; but he is neither a God nor a Garrick. Common sense is subject to strange fits, and in some cases they are highly afflicting, and of long duration; but in the present they were rather ridiculous than noxious. Individuals, it is true, may have suffered great harm, but not the public; for the excess of which they were guilty could only be temporary.

The following was sent to the Editor by Mr. Asperne, whose name and address it is signed with, with an earnest desire that it should find a place in the Theatrical Recorder, and as it relates to matter of fact, with the documents given, to suppress it would be partiality.

MASTER BETTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE THEATRICAL RECORDER.

'SIR,—Observing in *The Morning Post* a few days ago the following Letter:

"SIR,—Having read in *The European Magazine*, for the month of June last, a letter respecting my having refused to let my son perform for the Theatrical Funds, I take leave to make a few *Comments* thereon. Although the engagements I was under rendered it impossible, without incurring a heavy penalty, for my son to play last season, it was well known it was his wish, and my full intention, he should this season perform for that excellent institution. If the reports, circulated with so

much industry, have been kept up with a view to irritate, and induce me to refuse my assent to my son's performing for the charity alluded to, until some apology be made for such malignant aspersions, the author will be disappointed of his aim. The best answer to such attempts to degrade me, and injure my son in the estimation of the public, is to take this method of declaring, that my son will perform for the joint benefit of the decayed actors at Drury-lane, and Covent-garden, any night the committee appointed for each fund shall, in conjunction, settle with the managers of either theatre they may wish him to perform at.

"I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

"HENRY BETTY.

"*Manchester. Dec*, 2, 1805."

'As publisher of the said Magazine, I think it my duty to rescue that work from the possibility of being misconceived by the public as the vehicle of "MALIGNANT ASPERSIONS." In order thereto, I trouble you with exact copies of the letters alluded to, that an impartial public may form its own opinion as to the satisfactory nature of the *Comments* which Mr. Betty has been pleased to make thereon.

"MR. ASPERNE,

"I see, by your elegant Magazine of the last month, you are slow of credit to newspaper authority for Mr. Betty's having refused to urge his son to play one night for the decayed actors of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane. You may depend on the fact; for *I* wrote the subjoined letter; but thinking I should arrogate too much to myself, I laid it before the committee, who flattered me by their adoption, sent it to him by their secretary, and *in six weeks after*, received an answer *in the negative*.

"I am, Sir, very truly,

"Yours,

"J MOODY.

"*Barnes Terrace, June*, 12, 1805."

" *To Mr.* BETTY.

" Teach me to feel another's woe. P.

" SIR,

" From a liberal mind I am sure of pardon, in the cause of humanity, for this trespass on your time. To be brief and simple is the life of business and the soul of science.

" We the undersigned, Master, Trustees, and Committee for managing the Fund for the decayed actors of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, raised by that great master of his art, David Garrick, Esq. and by him incorporated by an act of parliament for the purpose ; finding, at this time, our finances so low, have been obliged to pare down the income of our poor claimants by a severe and heavy poundage ; and unless your son stands forth for us with his transcendant abilities, one night, we shall be poor indeed. We have chosen you, Sir, our advocate to him for this liberal deed of benevolence, to be extended to his aged, distressed brethren ; which, joined to his present popularity, will consecrate his name to time's end.

" With great respect,

" We are your obedient servants,

" MADDOCKS, Sec. for Committee, &c.

" *Theatre R. D. Lane, March* 1805."

' We here find, Mr. Editor, that a veteran actor, of most respectable character, near forty years a favourite of the public, and now retired in the evening of life to rural ease and contemplation, makes a powerful appeal to the " liberal mind" of Mr. Betty, on behalf of his decayed and distressed brethren ; pays a tribute of the highest eulogy to the " transcendant abilities" of the young actor; and, in conclusion, declares, that his compliance would be a deed of benevolence that would " consecrate his name to time's end."

' This affecting appeal " in the cause of humanity," couched in terms of profound respect to Mr. Betty ; and of compliment to his son, the former suffers to lie before him *six weeks unanswered,* and then sends a *refusal.* If, Sir, his tardy answer *in the negative* had mentioned (what his present letter states) that

he was restricted by positive engagements and heavy penalties from a compliance then, but intimated an intention to comply in the following season, when no such inability might exist; it cannot be supposed that so reasonable an excuse, and so welcome an intimation, would have been passed over in silence by Mr. Moody.

'I am, Sir,

'Your humble servant,

'JAMES ASPERNE.

'*No. 32 Cornhill, Dec.* 14, 1805.'

On the eleventh of December, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, died Mr. Thomas King, a Comedian; who for many years was regarded as the first in his profession; and in private life a gentleman of high worth, respectability, and amiable manners.

COSTUME.

The Indian figures, in this Supplement, are three men of high, of middle, and of low rank. The man of distinction is in his family dress, in which he eats, performs his devotions, and is seen in his domestic employments.

Those who write for or manage the theatres, may find, in the plates that have been given in this work, the chief dresses of the common people in India, in which part of Indian costume they appear to have been least informed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many thanks to W. Goodman for his Theatrical Anecdotes, though they cannot at present find insertion.

J. B—, Liverpool, thinks the Editor unjust in one or two remarks on the School of Reform. If so, the respect and applause paid to the play, and to Mr. Moreton, its author, must show that his heart at least was void of malice.

The remarks of B. A. of Glasgow, on versification, are liberal, and given with a friendly intention: they have some force; still however they are questionable. If he will be kind enough to consult the blank verse of Shakspeare, which appears to be the

most proper for the stage that was ever written, he will find that immortal poet frequently adopted those liberties which **B. A.** *thinks worthy of blame.*

To W. K. the Editor can only answer that he has declined an invidious task.

MONTHLY LIST, FOR NOV. AND DEC. 1805.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

NOV.		
27	The Haunted Tower - - - - - -	The Weathercock.
28	The Soldier's Daughter - - - - -	Terpsichore's Return, and The Weathercock.
29	The West Indian - - - - - - - -	The Soldier's Return.
30	The Cabinet - - - - - - - - - -	Bon Ton.
DEC.		
2	The Provoked Husband - - - -	Terpsichore's Return, and The Weathercock.
3	The Belle's Stratagem - - - - -	The Weathercock.
4	The Haunted Tower - - - - - -	Ditto.
5	The Mountaineers - - - - - - -	Victory and Death of Lord Viscount Nelson, and The Weathercock.
6	The Beaux Stratagem - - - - - -	The Sleeping Beauty (A young lady's first appearance.)
7	All in the Wrong - - - - - - - -	No Song no Supper.
9	The School for Scandal - - - - -	The Sleeping Beauty.
10	The School for Friends - - - - -	Two Strings to Your Bow.
11	Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - -	The Sleeping Beauty.
12	Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - -	Ditto.
13	Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - -	Ditto.
14	Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - -	The Weathercock.
16	Douglas (The Young Roscius) -	Bon Ton.
17	The School for Friends - - - - -	The Weathercock.
18	Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - -	The Sleeping Beauty.
19	Douglas (The Young Roscius) -	Ditto.
20	The School for Friends - - - - -	Ditto.
21	Lovers' Vows (The Young Roscius)	The Weathercock.
23	The School for Friends - - - - -	The Sleeping Beauty.
26	She Stoops to Conquer - - - - -	Ditto.
27	The School for Friends - - - - -	Ditto.
28	Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - -	Ditto.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

NOV.		
27	Hamlet - - - - - - - - - - - -	Wild Islanders, and Two Strings to Your Bow.
28	King Richard III. - - - - - - - -	Wild Islanders, and All the World's a Stage.
29	The Mountaineers - - - - - - -	The Wild Islanders, and Rugantino.
30	Every Man in his Humour - - -	Ditto, and Raising the Wind.
DEC.		
2	The Revenge - - - - - - - - - -	Ditto, and Rugantino.
3	John Bull - - - - - - - - - - - -	Ditto, and All the World's a Stage.

DEC.		
3	King Henry IV. - - - - - - - - -	The Wild Islanders, and Fortune's Frolicks.
5	Alphonso King of Castile - - - -	The Wild Islanders, and Nelson's Glory.
6	The Wheel of Fortune - - - - -	Ditto, and The Follies of a Day.
7	The Merchant of Venice - - - -	The Review.
9	Hamlet - - - - - - - - - - - - -	Rugantino.
10	The English Fleet - - - - - - -	Love-à-la-Mode.
11	King Henry IV. - - - - - - - -	Peeping Tom.
12	Lovers' Vows - - - - - - - - - -	Love Laughs at Locksmiths.
13	Othello - - - - - - - - - - - -	The Wild Islanders, and The Priest of the Parish.
14	The Merchant of Venice - - - -	A Tale of Mystery.
16	King Richard III. - - - - - - -	The Lake of Lausanne.
17	John Bull - - - - - - - - - - -	The Farmer.
18	Pizarro - - - - - - - - - - - -	Love Laughs at Locksmiths
19	The Cabinet - - - - - - - - - -	Katharine and Petruchio.
20	Venice Preserved - - - - - - -	The Wild Islanders, and The Priest of the Parish.
21	Speed the Plough - - - - - - -	The Wild Islanders, and Nelson's Glory.
23	Barbarossa (Master Betty) - - -	The Poor Soldier.
26	Alphonso, King of Castile - - - -	The Wild Islanders, and Nelson's Glory.
27	Romeo and Juliet (Master Betty)	The Wild Islandrs, and The Priest of the Parish.
28	Gustavus Vasa (Master Betty)	Fortune's Frolicks.

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